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HOW ALFY PASSED THE LEMON

By SEWELL FORD

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As I was sayin' to Swifty Joe, ground he stands up without bein' "Swifty," says I, "did it ever strike you propped and steps around like a well that every garden has its lemon tree?" man.

But say, what's the use wastin' high McCabe? art conversation on a cocoanut head ike that? So I don't tell him what the head of the procession. wakes up in the morning of the coming down slantwise and plenty, and he lawn is lookir' as soggy as the untoothless, snow-capped kind. His hair der crust of a huckleberry pie.

whaley's Sunday breakfasts cheers me lest set of lamps I ever see in a man.

up some, and I've got myself planted in a dry corner of the side porch, prepared for the worst; when I hears somethin, out on the Post road that makes me sit up. It sounded like a better job was never turned out. But the eyes has me guessin' from the start.

account of the dew on his goggles, Mr. ticulars. Shuffer has cut it too fine. Not bein' able to climb the tree or go through it, catch your names." the sixty-horsepower gives a hiccup or two and goes out of business.

Lucky he was runnin' inside the speed in' the talkin' speaks up. limit, or the machine would have plastered him up against that tree so tight is—er—Mr. Dayton." says I, soothin'.

Which don't help much," says I;

And he does, too. I don't under- it was only a josh. stand much French; but you can always tell cuss words in any language, and this gent had a fine lot on tap. He "Ah, Dayton, Ohio!" says Mr. Thayways tell cuss words in any language, and this gent had a fine lot on tap. He "That's nothin' to what I can do on and this gent had a fine lot on tap. He was wilkin' around that bu'sted ma- a bright day," says I. when some one raps on the plate glass a box of smoke sticks."
windows of the limousine and he corks up like the emergency brake had been Mr. Dayton has shed his long rain coat

With that I begins rubberln' at the black windows; but I got as much sat-sfaction as if I'd been peekin' down "Samuel," says Mr. Dayton, speakin' wave the shuffer to the other side return thanks forof the car. He trots around lively, too, "Yes, yes," says Thayer; "but can't what the damage was. squints at me.

Well, there didn't seem to be any wild "Oh, let him blaze away," says I. "1

was gettin' curious. I wanted to And he does. has a feelin' that some one was sizin' tenin' to him. s polite as you please.

ays be, pointin' to the cottage.

sleur have the great kindness to de- judges.

Merci, merci!" says be.

out for swappin' bows and that sort to dodge a bill collector. of thing; but I can be just as polite as Mr. Dayton was as much interested

what somebody fires back, shruggin' therly! It was almost as good as bein' his shoulders and shakin' his head all adopted by a minister.

and a pair of close set gray eyes that I lug him in on the carpet." could almost feel explorin' the back of e was real smooth spoken. He wants "Aren't you afraid?" o know how far it is to the nearest lace, Course, I says that in a case of Let's have look at him." this kind my ranch is wide open for

reful a tall, bent shouldered party timer rug that he was wearin' I kept the fam'ly plate in the stable?" he's a washerwoman wears a shawl. "Oh. I—I—I—I says he. ne's a washerwoman wears a shawl.

"Ahr, chee!" says Swifty. "All the Gent number one, noticin' me standin' hand organs is playin' that tune. Ring there with my mouth open, remarks, "Perhaps you will lead the way, Mr.

happens out to Primrose Park on a wet sunday. You see, when I goes up on wreckin' machine and Frenchy has Saturday night I was lookin' for an- been sent off with his instructions, that other dry sizzler; but I guess I must I gets a good look at number two; for have read the signs wrong, for when I he waits until everything is settled bewakes up in the mornin' the rain is fore he begins unwindin' the head

er crust of a huckleberry pie. toothiess, snow-capped kind. His hair it sure seems like an all-day session is only nicely frosted up, and his face with my heels up on the rail and nothing is as smooth as a baby's; but he has a complexion like an apple dumpling, and was back on Broadway. One of Mrs. them eyes of his was the foxiest, shift-Whaley's Sunday breakfasts cheers me liest set of lamps I ever see in a man.

nakes me sit up. It sounded his a classification in the start. Solid bump, followed by breakin' glass. I'd have bet my pile there wa'n't another pair like 'em in the country, and other pair like 'em in the country, and big black tourin' car with its nose yet they was a sort of familiar look I ammed good and hard against an elm couldn't get away from. I was dead sure I hadn't run across the rest of "Looks like a case of skiddin'," says this old gent; but I couldn't shake the thought that somewhere I must have to mysell.

That's just what happened. There's seen them eyes before. Say, it was uite some of a curve out there, and, enough to give you the creeps! So the road bein' greasy, and maybe on that's where I starts hintin' for par-

> "Excuse me," says I, "but I didn't The two gents flashes a look back and forth, and then the one that's been do-

the coroner would have had to pry him off with a putty knife. As it is, he only The Thayer comes out just as though has his wind knocked out by the steer-in' wheel, and before I can grab an been for the diamond W on his gold ambrella and get half way out to the watch fob I shouldn't have suspicioned road he has got his breath back and it at all. There was only the least lithas elimbed out to take a view of the tle bit of a hitch about the Dayton, bu'sted lamps and the crumpled hood. too; just enough to give me a quiet 'That's one way of stoppin' quick," hunch that I was bein' treated to an

"Dayton, eh?" says I. "From Ohio?" At that they swaps another quick but if it's any relief to your feelin's, look, and then both turns on me. But when they sees me grinnin' they knew

chine and tearin' 'em off by the yard, yourself to home, gents, while I dig up

and is over in the corner preparin' to "Gee!" says I. "I thought you was get down on his knees in front of a runnin' on an empty. If you've got folks in there you'd better see how bad his motions, and his straight-cut mouth begins to curl up at the corners.

jointed gas pipe. Every curtain was kind of solemn and wavery, "we have pulled down tight, except one, and that just had a providential escape from nly stays up long enough for a hand fatal accident. It is fitting that I should

and begins to explain how it happened you hold it over until-" and here he

all for my help, or society, either; but ain't one to bar prayin'. Fire ahead! know what kind of people was ridin as I ever heard, too, and before he get around in the rain that way, with the through he's squared himself with shutters all up, so I strolls across to every one from here to the Pearly side of the road and waits to see Gates, not forgettin' me, and the kindwhat's goin' to happen next. It didn't hearted elm tree that didn't turn out take long for Goggles to convince his to be a ten-foot ditch. My! but he coole that the car was all to the bad. Sure was a good man! Made me feel hen I sees a shade pulled back, and mighty low down and mean, just lis-

me up close. In a minute or so the The effect on Mr. Thayer was difshuffer comes over and touches his cap, ferent. He stands there rollin' his eyes up to the ceilin' and lookin' weary, just "Ees that the house of monsieur?" as if he didn't have any religion at all. He has a hard face, that man Thayer,

It was easy to see his mind didn't Why, cert., Frenchy," says I. "I set easy; for after the services were him on his feet like he was handlin' a am Monsoor Shorty McCabe. Here's through and me and Mr. Dayton was tograph and vaccination certificate too." Mr. Thayer was pacin' up and down the room, now and then stoppin' to him. "Same to you and many of 'em," says take a nervous squint out of the windows at the road. He couldn't have It wa'n't exactly the weather I'd pick been more uneasy if he'd been tryin'

the next one, even if I am standin' in in me as if I'd been his new son-in-law. the mud with an umbrella leakin' down He wants to know all about the phys-Frenchy takes the card over to the I pay for the studio, and what my shut up machine and pokes it through average income is, and how much I'm him, like the elephant trainers do. a slit in the door. Say, it was all done saltin' away in the bank. He seems as mysterious as if the stage was set kind of pleased to hear I don't follow more. or some kind of a jugglin' trick. First the races, or monkey with the market, Frenchy puts his face up close to the and he hands out a lot of good advice glass and chins a minute or so with- about investin' my surplus in first out takin' breath; then he listens to mortgage bonds and real estate. Fa-

he time; and next he steps out into the | Right in the middle of our talk Mrs. road, lookin' up and down anxious like. Whaley comes rushin' in from the I was gettin' soaked from my knees kitchen and says as how Dennis has down; but it was too excitin' to leave. nabbed a suspicious actin' characte-All of a sudden the side door pushed that he's caught tryin' to sneak into pen, and some one beckons me over. the stable, and is towin' him our way.

"What! In here? " says old Mr. Dayny head as he turned 'em on me. But ton, jumpin' up and lookin' scared.

"But, you know," says Dayton, "I a trap for awhile.

Blessed if I could see a thing inside room, though; for in comes Dennis, without going too far back into the re- fourteen times, and out of this number for the very reasonable price of \$2,729, an \$1,800 investment was a colossal there; but I has a lady all pictured out, holdin' the guy by the collar. One look even to just how high her veils come was enough to see he wa'n't any reg'lar stances can be cited of animals destined the following year he beat a field of the rest in him. on the cushions. All the answer he gets freight car tourist; but beyond that I ultimately to win the "blue ribbon of thirty. It was said that the race netted. As a 2-year-old he was seen only a sort of mumble that I couldn't clare him. He's a long geared, the turf' which as yearlings no one thin shanked, sallow faced young chap, thought good enough to buy. Voltigeur The cheapest horse that ever won the with the greatest ease. The year fol-But you know it isn't safe to stay about twenty-four or five. I should was one of these, and the other was Derby was Little Wonder, which was lowing he won the Esher Stakes in a ere," says he to the one in the cor- judge. He's wearin' eyeglasses, and a Thormanby. blue serge suit that needs pressin' and

pricks up my ears a little at that, brushin' the worst way; but if he'd phenson in 1847, and as a yearling was \$325. Maybe sittin' in a bu'sted bubble along- been fixed up some, and connected with sent up to be sold at the Doncaster Spaniel, too, winner of the race in Derby. He was, indeed, a profitable ide the road ain't the most joyful pas- the shave and the hair cut that was sales, a reserve price of \$1,750 being 1831, was picked up for a very small deal for Porter and Sir Robert. me in the world; but I couldn't fig- due him, he'd been almost fit for the placed on him. Not a man was found sum, Lord Egerton, his breeder, letting Another instance of Porter's shrewd- For the want of the battle the kingdom to me?" says he. e out why it wa'n't safe. The argu- parlor. He don't take kindly to bein' to bid that much for him, consequently him go for \$750. ent seems to convince the unknown, led up for inspection, though. By the he was withdrawn. lough; for there come another mum-le, and the first gent piles out. Then shake in his knees, you could tell he mained unsold had not Williamson, a trainer, as a yearling at Doncaster, of \$1,800. The real owner was Fred

ith his head all muffled up in a him over, "where'd you get the idea buy him.



They proceeds to haul out the party.

and slumps down on his knees. "Up with ye!" says Dennis, jerkin cit. are you, anyway?"

my business card and telephone num-ber. Sorry I ain't got my latest pho-ber. Sorry I ain't got my latest pho-satisfied as though he was at home. him apart." says I. "Turn him loose ton, who has been edging out from be-

neck, and finds he ain't goin' to be the rug.

handcuffed, or hit on the head with a billy, he feels a little better. 'Now tell us all about it." says I. "Oh, I will," says he; "I'll tell everything just as it happened. But please don't-don't-" and down he goes again.

That's the house of me, for a fact," though; one of the kind that reminds didn't mum-mum-mean-" but his "Oh, have it your own way." says I. | "Well, well, says I, "don't get chesty poor wandering soul. Come "Salvation you of panics in Wall street, and cus- tongue is so thick he can't get out any "If you can talk easier on your knee over it. You've got lots of competition Is Free.' Together, now!" Pardong," says he; "but will mon- toms inspectors, and police court more. He puts his hands over his face pads, why stay there. But get busy. in that line. What's your specialty?" What particular kind of an undesirable

nin' to blubber.

Now say, I've seen enough of crooks to know that the average run of 'em

before strangers; so I takes it we've dug up an amateur. "Thief, eh?" says I. "Is that a

"Up, up!" says I, pokin' my thumb at bluff, or are you just braggin'?" "Pup-pup-please-" he starts off once

don't go around publishin' their record business; both of 'em rockin' back and

pullin' the strings. After a few minutes of that, Mr. will confess his sin." Dayton looks up at us with his eyes "Yes, yes," he goes on; "I am a thief, leaky and says, "Now, friends, let us as-" thief!" all join in a hymn for the sake of this "It will be your turn next," says the

Say, would you believe it? He had But just then old Mr. Dayton butts me goin'. Maybe I never made a stab it. are you, anyway?"
in, wantin' to try his hand. And say, at hymn singin' before, but I did then.
"I-I'm a th-thief," says he, beginwhatever that old duck's reg'lar busiSo does Thayer. The four of us was ness is, he missed it by not goin' out at it full tilt, when I looks up and sees with a parlor organ and a tent; for as Dennis and Mother Whaley peekin' an exhorter he's the fancy goods. First through the door, with their eyes and go and lock the stable. I'll tend to hind the corner of the bookcase. Thayhim."

ton, who has been edging out from bething Thayer and I knows he has popped out and their mouths open.
camped down alongside that shingleThat sends me off the key as quick as When he gets the knuckles out of his of us lines up before the specimen on chested wreck, and has got hold of one though I'd fell from a ladder, and I'd of his hands, and he's doin' the Moody quit for good if old Mr. Dayton hadn't and Sankey turn to beat the cars. It caught my eye and give me the encour-was "Oh, my poor erring brother," and agin' nod. At that I waves the Wha-"Sinners come to glory," and all that leys to beat it, and takes a fresh start. "Now," says Mr. Dayton, after we've forth on their knees like some one was staggered through "Bringing in the

"Why sure," says I. "I'll go as far

What a jar! "Apples!" says I "G'wan! If you can't dig up anything worse than pinchin' a little fruit, you'd better quit. Ah, take another think!"

"It was apples," says he. "I stole

old boy, motioning me to go on the side

Say, you can judge the state I was in

from singin' them hymns when I makes

a break like that. Honest, if he hadn't

stopped me, I'd gone on to tell all the

mean things I ever done, or meant to

The wreck feels it, too, and as soon as

he gets a show he loosens up.

That old gent has the most catchin' kind of piousness I ever run against.

But old Dayton wouldn't have it that way. Says he, "It is a sin to steal a Go on, my young friend." And our young friend was more than willin'. He says his name is Albert Marston Boggs, and that he was studyin' to be a minister. Seems he'd been puttin' in his vacation gettin' subscriptions for "The Life of McKinley," and takin' orders for a glucose fact'ry that turns out home-made preserves, tryin' to make enough to pay his board durin' the next term. But he'd run up against

it good and hard. Alfy finds the sub-

scription business overdone, and in the territory he strikes all the women put

up their own strawb'ries and canned He'd got as far as Albany, and was workin' his way down the river, when his last dollar gets away from him. First off he eats his jam samples, which gives him the collywabbles so bad he has to lay off for two days and swap his agent's copy of the "Life" for lodgin' at a third-rate hotel. That leaves him all in a heap at the foot of the slidin' board, with a fifty-mile walk between him and the nearest place

where his touch was good. Alfy has stuck it out for nearly a day, acquirin' an appetite like a sausage mill, when he strikes one of them big estates up along the Hudson and sees ome nice red aplpes. There was a high iron fence with spikes on top, just purpose to keep folks out; but our young friend has a gnawin' sensation that won't behave, so over he climbs.
"Oh, horrors!" says I. "You didn't

really and truly steal an apple, did Alfy groans and nods his head, and says the worst is yet to come. He goes on to tell how it was a dinky little tree, with only five or six apples on it; but he gobbles down the whole crop. He is just finishin' off the last one when he finds himself collared by a real elegant young gent with a half-baked look on his face, but so mad he's nearly frothin' at the mouth.

"It was terrible!" says Alfy. "He said I was a common trief, and that he was going to have me put in jail, and Oh, I don't know what made me do it, but I slapped him across the mouth and ran away as fast as I

"Bully for you, Alfyl" says I. pin' off a few paces and foldin' his arms. "This is more serious than I thought. Young man, it was my apple tree that you robbed-my choicest apple tree-and the person whom you de scribe as an insignificant, weak-faced young dandy was my son. You admit that you assaulted him. Greatly as I

regret to do so, I must hand you over to the police." 'Ah, say," says I, "is it a kid, or what? One of Alfy's hardest taps wouldn't much more'n bruise a mosquito; and you wouldn't have him run in for a little thing like stealin' when

he was near starved, would you?" But Mr. Dayton would. Them old eyes of him has took on the stony stare, and he is lookin' up the police station number in the telephone book, when there's a sound of wheels comin' up the blue stone drive around the front circle. The old gent whirls and takes a quick glimpse. Then he drops the book as though he'd bot a shock. "A deputy!" he whispers, husky like,

"A deputy sheriff!" With that he begins tearin' around the room like a crazy man, and after

he's made three laps he scoots out into the hall, strikes the stairs, and goes rushin' towards the attic. I looks out the window to see what it all means; but all I can spot is a feller in a rubber coat drivin' a surrey. "Say," says I to Mr. Thayer, "what's

wrong with the old party? Is he bug

noustache for a minute, and says he reckons how perhaps it would be best for him to explain. And say, the minute he lets out the real name of the old guy that's been flaggin' as Dayton, he don't have to say any more. "Him!" says I. "Old Foxy Dodge himself? Well, say, he must have the deputy sheriffitis pretty bad when he takes a hack driver for a subpoena server. It was the license badge fooled him, eh? But I didn't know they was

Thayer says they ain't; but this was only the results of that last chase, when strippin' a fifty off his roll and passin' it over real insinuatin', "we shall exat Ascot. and the Goodwood and pect you to keep this quiet."

after him again."

"But what about our

"Certainly," says Thayer, peelin' off another fifty; and I gets 'em away from him before he has a chance to change his mind.

With that we climbs up under the roof and proceeds to dig up the old boy cheapest lookin', scaredest plute I ever see. We finally convinces him that his deputy is only the bone thumper the shuffer has sent up from the station, and he consents to come down and be wrapped up. We don't close with prayer, or sing any doxology. He ain't "For the want of a nail the shoe was lost, got a word more to say, and he looks

leads him out to the buggy that I

And all for the want of a horseshoe Mrs. Whaley can warm up the beans, you're goin' to have the feed of your life. But first off, Alfy, I takes pleas-Isonomy gave no real promise of his Was a number of hundred years ago.

He. But this, my child, as you doubtless know, ure in awardin' you this prize of a hundred years ago.

He. But this, my child, as you doubtless know, dred plunks," and I shoves the steel engravin's into his hand.

"One-hundred-dollars!" gasps Alfy.
"But-but why? What for?" "For bein' the champeen confessor in the state," says I, "and thereby puttin'

FAMOUS THOR OUGHBREDS

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

He was a well-shaped, middlin' oldish gent, with a cropped gray mustache and a reference of gent, with a cropped gray mustache and gent, with a cropped gray mustache and gent, with a cropped gray mustache and gent gent. Well, tell Dennis to ning fortunes for their chance owners. One of the most notable cases recently however, Plummer, his breeder, re-sey Stanhope, to whom the horse really by literally running away with the young friend there?" and I points over was that of the American steeple-chaser, Rubio, which won the Liver-chaser, Rubio, which won the Liver-chaser chaser c "Ah, say now, don't get uneasy," says pool Grand National last March. After This Dawson did, and, perceiving at of victory, which in those days was un- himself a better horse than ever, not Carage, and if he could telephone, and I "Most likely it's only some seedy arriving in England with a lot of year-line determined them waitin' awhile at my laborated a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land with a lot of year-lines based and if he could telephone, and I "Most likely it's only some seedy arriving in England with a lot of year-lines based and them waitin' awhile at my laborated the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him, which carried the colors of land wational last march. After a glance good points about him on the last march. After a glance good points about him on the last march wation and the last march watio

Well," says he, turnin' to the dark of the car, "what do you say?" than jump for a dark corner of the small sums are fairly numerous, and the car, "what do you say?" than jump for a dark corner of the small sums are fairly numerous, and the car altogethed that altogethed that altogethed the car al

Voltageur was bred by Robert Ste- owner, Robertson, the meager sum of James Miller for \$30,000 and a contin-

and Frenchy ranges up on either was so scared that his liver was turnthe step and proceeds to haul out in white.

Gretton.

Isonom

the gentle way they handles him in the gentle way they handles had the gentle way they handles him in the gentle way they had the gentle way they had

nant on the English turf and likely to | Teddington, the winner of 1851, was | Had he been in the classic races he they had him treed for so long that it Innumerable instances are on record, remain so for some time to come,

Strange enough, Dawson gave the same years ago, was an exceptionally for think, of 138 pounds. Stories of Derby winners having been figure for Thormanby as that paid for Junate purchase by John Porter, the

successful in 1840, for he only cost his canter, after which he was sold to Sir For the want of the shoe the horse was so skittish and broke up as Thayer

Pyrrhus J, which won in 1846, was of the great horse Isonomy for the bag-

bred by a blacksmith, who sold him would in all probability have cleaned go on his nerves. "Of course," says he, Thormanby, too, was sent up to be as a foal, together with his dam, to the board. both in America and England, of exdisposed of at the Doncaster, and, like Sir Joseph Hawley for \$1,250 and a As a 4-year-old he won the gold cup

gency of half the stakes if he won the

ness as a horse dealer was his purchase

"Well, young feller." says I. lookin' him, finally persuaded his lordship to As a 2-year-old the horse never ran, worth as a 2-year-old, his only victory buy him.

His judgment was triumphantly vindicated, for not only did Voltigeur win end of the season Day agreed to sell not seen in public until the Cambridge-

They Were Bought for a Song and

Won Big Money for Owners.

funate purchase by John Porter, the trainer. He bought the colt out of the er Isonomy won for his owner upward out of the colwebs, and say, he's the

THE NAIL OF DESTINY.

(Puck.)

For the want of the horse the rider was ain't got the heart to rub it in. For the want of the rider the battle was the shakes. "What is going to be done